

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVM OMNIA
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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THE FIELD AFAR

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OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY:

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THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of
the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary.
Checks and other payments may be
forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.
Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent
upon application.

COMING! On January 1, 1917,
THE FIELD AFAR will be ten
years old. This may surprise
some of our new friends, es-
pecially when they recall that the
Catholic Foreign Mission Semi-
nary is only half that age.
But it should be remembered that
the Seminary, as an infant, had
to be nursed, and THE FIELD
AFAR was in training for this pur-
pose.

We do not expect to have a tin
wedding or to make unnecessary
noise when we reach our tenth,
but we are more than anxious
to swear — that we have
50,000 subscribers. We say
'swear,' because such emphasis
goes far with advertisers and
while THE FIELD AFAR is dis-
criminating, it will gladly find
space for the right kind of adver-
tisements.

But how, in the name of all
that is good, can we catch sub-
scribers when we have no time to
go out in the street and hold
them up? Besides, very few men
are straining their eyes looking
for magazine agents, unless to
'see them first.'

Yet there are subscribers to
THE FIELD AFAR who regret that
they could not have known (and
loved) it earlier. And there are
men, women, and children who, if
they became acquainted with us
this year, would get to be good
and true friends for life.

Now if every subscriber would
go a-fishing and catch a few of
these for us, our problem could be

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settled easily enough. We know,
of course, from experience, that
the average subscriber to the
average paper feels he does his
full share when he pays his own
subscription and reads the 'darned
thing.' But THE FIELD AFAR is
different. It is neither darned nor
patched, and its readers are not
like the average readers. This
they have proved in more ways
than one. New subscribers have
actually been known to sit down
and express in writing their grati-
tude to the friend who introduced
them to THE FIELD AFAR.

We know that all this looks
like an offense against humility,
but, as a wiseacre subscriber says,
"if you don't say something good
about yourself, nobody else will."

Suppose, then, that you—you,
dear reader, not the other fellow
—send us *one subscription*, an or-
dinary one at fifty cents or—
and it will be more welcome—an
Associate Subscription at just
double that amount. If you can,
and will do more, write to us to-
day for a *List Book*, which will
record twelve subscriptions.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings and that preacheth peace."—Isaiah LII. 7.

THE mission spirit is bound to sweep through the American Catholic Church—a flame of love—if seminaries and novitiates catch the idea embodied in this letter from St. Joseph's Seminary, Grand Rapids:

All the seminarians realize that it is their duty to be interested in foreign missions and moreover, your little periodical furnishes very good reading-matter. We hope you will ever prosper and we send you our best wishes.

* *

THE late Bishop Doran, the beloved Auxiliary of the Providence diocese, was a special friend of our work and we ask our readers to offer a prayer for his soul,—a valiant, priestly soul that shed upon all who knew it the light of God. We extend our deepest sympathy to the one who will miss him most, the revered head of the Providence diocese.

* *

THE Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse slipped into our column accidentally, or perhaps it would be better to say providentially. It was started by a young priest, a former pupil of the saintly Sulpician, whose gift we accepted but planned to hold until we could make an appeal worthy of the subject. It went on the list ahead of time, but it will remain, and though our lay friends will be puzzled to note its rise, the priests whom Fr. Chapon taught, will understand.

The burse was soon discovered and brought immediately from one priest, a former penitent of Fr. Chapon, a gift of twenty-five dollars, accompanied by these words:

It makes me sad to see the dear old man's name in print with a lonely five-dollar sign affixed. That name deserves better remembrance and I hope many of his 'boys,' who owe him so much, will feel as I do and contribute to his burse.

A CINCINNATI priest says that he likes the 'way we keep the corners of our mouth turned up, in spite of difficulties and provocations.' "I imagine there is a smile upon your lips," he writes, "even when you are alone." And he quotes for our benefit:

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant

When life flows along like a song;
But the man worth while is the one
who will smile

When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,

And it always comes with the years;
And the smile that is worth the praises
of earth

Is the smile that shows through
tears.

Well, we don't smile perpetually and there are times when we are not on our best behavior, but we do smile occasionally even when we are alone,—grimly then, we fear, and usually after our head has been used for a punching-bag. However, there is no day that does not bring its message of encouragement, God-sent, and we are grateful even when 'we don't smile our thanks.

"Not until the world's work is done, not until the human family shall be gathered into one fold and under one shepherd, shall the commands of the Saviour be void. He said in the beginning and He says to-day: 'Go forth and teach all nations.'"—Archbishop Glennon.

THE True Voice, of Omaha, Nebraska, sounded a fine missionary note in one of its recent editorials, which the Mission Sunday at the Philadelphia Cathedral seems to have inspired. We read:

It happens that the stirring of interest in foreign missions here coincides with the almost total failure of support for the same missions from Europe, owing to the ravages of the great war. Never was aid more sorely needed by Catholic missions in Asia and Africa, and it seems providential that America should at this time awake to its duty.

There is no doubt that a broadening of our interests makes us better Catholics. The one who thinks not of the multitudes outside the Church, knows not the true spirit of his religion. That spirit is neither racial, national, or parochial. And whatever narrows

THAT



"What is it? What does it mean?"

What are the words stamped on the back? *Is that so?* Why, I never heard of such a society. Maryknoll? Is that a seashore resort? Missions to the heathen? *China?* American young men? THE FIELD AFAR? Search me. *What do you think of that?"*

These are a few expressions that follow the reflection of a Maryknoll pin as it flashes from the coat lapel of a youth or from the collar of a maid into the eyes of a stranger to THE FIELD AFAR. If you have not secured one of these pins (the supply will not last long), send us a quarter of a dollar with the least possible delay and you will not be disappointed.

our interest and restricts our activities in religion, makes us less Catholic.

Upon American Catholics will depend more and more the success of our missions in pagan lands. Hitherto we have been so engaged in building up religion at home that we have almost forgotten that the mission of the Church is to all peoples. It is not so many years since the French Society for the Propagation of the Faith was contributing to American missions. Now that we have grown beyond the need of foreign aid, it is only proper that we should continue the good work which others have done for us.

We welcome the new movement that has given us at last a foreign mission seminary in this country and flourishing societies, in cities like New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, for the propagation of the faith. We trust that the missionary movement will extend rapidly throughout the country. A deep interest in the progress of the Church abroad will make more certain the progress of the Church at home.

We should like to have seen Pittsburgh added to the list of dioceses especially interested in missionary work, and we know of several other dioceses where bishops are in hearty sympathy with the movement but have not yet determined on a method of organization.

Notes.



WE find that school directors have acquired the habit of looking ahead and we suggest that if they are looking for a first-class and very reasonable premium book, we have several. As we publish these books and seek no direct profit, we invite inquiries.

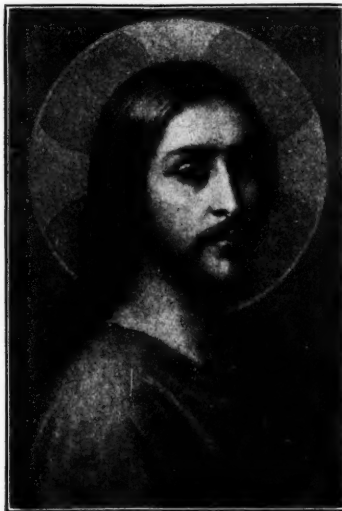
Philadelphia's *Mission Sunday* brought out a large gathering of interested workers for the Propagation of the Faith Society. It also brought forth a strong sermon from Monsignor McDevitt and stirring words from Archbishop Prendergast, who presided.

A Catholic Mission Bazaar was held recently in Pittsburgh by the parishioners of St. Augustine's Church and it netted over two thousand dollars for foreign missions. The money was given to the Diocesan Missionary Aid Society of Pittsburgh, for distribution among various mission causes.

From Tientsin, in China, we learn that Fr. L. Davrout, S.J., is in this country. Fr. Davrout has written many books during his service in China and has translated into English a valuable work in two volumes, entitled *Chinese Characters*. This is practically a Chinese-English lexicon, the first of the kind ever produced.

The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions notes a falling-off in its receipts for 1915, and pleads for a wider and deeper interest in this worthy cause. In his report Fr. Ketcham tells us that George E. Downey, Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury, has by a recent division caused a loss to Catholic Indian Schools of about \$27,000 a year.

To Fr. Henry Browne, S.J., Professor of Greek in the National University of Dublin, and to the St. Joseph's Young



"Behold I will save my people from the land of the East and from the land of the going down of the sun."—Zach. viii. 7.

Priests' Society belongs no little credit for quickening in Ireland a zeal for missions to the heathen. The Society has lately established a centre at Roscrea College, where five students have generously responded to the cry, "Come, O holy Irish youths, and preach the Gospel here among us!"

It is pretty well known that there are to-day in the French army quite a few returned missionaries. When these priests get together, which happens occasionally, it seems, they swap stories. Near Soissons lately one of them narrated the following experience:

I was in an Indian village two years ago, near a forest, when a native woman, a recent convert, came and asked if I would say the prayers for the dead over the body of a tiger which had just been killed. I was dumfounded and started to explain, when she added: "My husband has been in the tiger since this morning."

One Year's Associate Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society can be secured for the living or the dead by offering fifty cents. If a dollar is sent, it will include a subscription to *THE FIELD AFAR*.

Suppose some one should ask you:

Did Jesus Christ come to save all men?

What proportion of the world is Catholic?

How can the faith be spread?

We hope you could answer without much hesitation.

And if some one should sing into your ears the song—

We have enough to do at home—

we suggest that you gently draw him out on his home activities. This is usually an interesting experience.

"Killed on the Field of Honor, September 21, 1915, in his 56th year."—This is what we read on the deep-black bordered announcement of the death of Fr. Compagnon, late director of the Paris Seminary for Foreign Missions.

As we look at the sad lines, we recall pleasant walks and useful conversations with this saintly man in the Seminary garden, when we stopped at Paris on our way back from the Throne of the Fisherman, less than five short years ago. A prayer, please, for Fr. Compagnon!

"The promise is to you, and to all that are far off, whomsoever the Lord our God shall call."—Acts II. 39.

After a six months' tour of the Orient, the Commission of the China Medical Board of the Rockefeller Foundation arrived lately in New York. They propose founding two medical colleges in China at a cost of approximately \$1,500,000, with maintenance charges amounting to at least \$300,000 annually. This plan will be adopted immediately, it is believed, and the colleges will be located at Peking and Shanghai.

We record for future reference that 'it is the aim of the China Medical Board to co-operate with the missionary societies and to make the medical schools founded by the Board a distinctive contribution to missionary endeavor.'

Four Jesuit priests sailed from San Francisco on the Feast of the Epiphany—four Wise Men going to the East. Their destination is India, where they will replace some of their German brothers (not to say *confrères*), who have gone the way of most Germans discovered in British territory.

The four recruits are Frs. Parker, Lynch, Barrett, and Farrell. The two last-named have been stationed in Jersey City. We presume that all are of English or Irish 'distraction,' but one cannot tell nowadays. We heard lately of a Dutch missionary in India, named Van den Burgh, who goes by the name of Burke, and of another, named Beukes, who calls himself Baker.

We hope to get accurate news of and from these four Americans, one of whom, Fr. Parker, called at Maryknoll before saying good-bye to the Woolworth Building. Our prayers and best wishes for America's apostles!

We have a friend, an Italian priest, who speaks English better than most of us talk in his beautiful language. We print his letter as it comes from his typewriter:

I dont give you news of the terrible war. You know them better than we do as the censureship is very severe. God is giving a Mission to poor old Europe. *Per viscera misericordiae Dei nostri in quibus visitavit nos.* Five million soldgiers died already. R. I. P.

I am chaplain of 800 prisoners. They are rather good, but many of them are schismatic or hebrew. Here are many profugees from the countrys where we are fighting. What an awfull state of affairs. Pray for us. I read in the papers that in New York they dont know what to do of gold; please tell them to send it all here. We are in great need of it.

I am just leaving to go to preach the visit of the Bishop in a countrysplace not far away. Pray for me and for Europe in fire.

Fr. Paolo Manna, Editor of *Le Missioni Cattoliche* and author of the book *Operarii Autem Pauci*, which has been translated into English under the title *The Work-*

ers are Few, has a soul that burns with the Pentecostal fire. Three times he has tried to live on the mission field and as many times he has been driven back to Italy by the orders of superiors anxious to save the health of so valuable a man.

We have lately read one of his recent articles, from which we quote a few paragraphs:

For a man of little faith this is the hour of despair, but for us it should be the hour of great sacrifice and heroism. If we have in our hearts an ounce of love for God, we ought to save the missions.

The times, they say, are bad, but the times are never poor for those burning with zeal for a great cause of God; besides, it is in such difficult circumstances that the best results are obtained. Let those who have done nothing, begin to work and let those who have worked and given, work and give more. It depends on the faithful whether or not the missions are to continue their good progress, whether or not souls are to be saved.

We see a peril to the spread of Christ's kingdom; we see the door of Heaven closing on many souls; we see the unshackled forces of the prince of darkness gathering to oppose the onward march of Catholicism through the world. We see these dangers and we beg all of God's sons to come to the rescue.

Patriotism places no limit to the sacrifices it imposes on the nations at war. May zeal for the establishment of Christ's kingdom—the patriotism of the Faith—inspire a like generosity in Catholics of those nations that have been spared the war.

Field Afar Tales is a very attractive book and for only sixty cents it will be sent to any address.

A *Catechism on Catholic Foreign Missions* has come to us from the Boston Diocesan Office for the Propagation of the Faith. The idea embodied is excellent, and while the book appeals especially to interest in the two principal collecting agencies for the missions, it can with some modifications and additions, which we understand will appear if another edition is issued, be made more generally useful.

30,000 Miles of Doggrel.

By Fr. Thomas Gavan Duffy.

PENANG.

A spectrum of every color,
A salad of every race,
A blend of pomp and squalor,
A betwixt and between sort of place.

The Chinaman trundles his rickshaws,
His lamp-shade perched on his crop;
Or hawks disgusting kickshaws
From his pole-suspended shop.

The Tamil does the ditch-work
And wishes he hadn't come;
While the Yakun "don't care which
work"—
His work is to be at home.

The stately (?) European
Lords it over the rest,
Plays the Epicurean,
And tries to feather his nest.

And over the whole collection
The "durian" reigns supreme
(A fruit of rank infection,
With a taste of onions and cream).

MALACCA.

We got a glimpse of Malacca—
Blotches of white amid palms—
But so far away that I lack a
Distinct conceit of its charms.

SINGAPORE.

The approach is more than pretty,
Through a narrow channel and deep;
But the look of the—shall I say
"city?"—
Is shabby and careless and cheap.

Dilapidated the houses,
Mediocre the streets,
And an air of the cow that browses,
On the face of the crowd one meets.

Yet sometimes there is a trifle
Of hubbub in the town,
When the Sepoy takes his rifle
And hunts the Saxon down.

The Malay stares and wonders,
The Chinaman knows and grins,
The Briton awakes and thunders,
And the Hindu...hangs for his sins.

The port meanwhile is shifting
Half the trade of the East;
And the Church is there, too, lifting
Manhood out of the beast—

A heavy task where people
Of so many races throng,
And each with his proper steeple,
Must pray in his proper tongue.

But I from the half-glimpsed city
Was torn in tears...No pelf
Could melt the skipper to pity
Who had seen it all himself.

Bishop Biermans and his Priests.



It seems that Bishop Biermans has been breathing with difficulty. He writes:

We arrived safely last night at Port Said. *Deo gratias!* The Mediterranean is very dangerous at present. Two days ago we picked up an abandoned life-boat from a torpedoed ship; some of the crew reached Port Said this morning.

We had to wait fourteen days at Marseilles. After that we had fine weather and I could say Mass every day. Fr. McCabe is very well. We begin to enjoy the voyage now that we are out of danger. We enter the Red Sea this afternoon and hope to arrive at Mombasa in about two weeks.

Fr. Rogan, whom many of our readers feel they know, has been near death and at this writing we have had no very reassuring news. The following letter is from one of his confrères:

Just a short note to let the many friends of Fr. P. Rogan know that he has been very sick. Three weeks ago he came to my mission for the dedication of our new church. He looked very ill when he arrived, and that same night at eleven o'clock we found he had blackwater fever. Three days later we thought that his work here was done and that he would go to his Heavenly Master, but, thanks be to God, we pulled him through and now he is able to eat again. The doctor says we must give him strengthening food and I am trying to get some for him.

[If any of our readers desire at this time to send an offering to Fr. Rogan, we shall be glad indeed to forward it, insisting that he use some of it for good nourishment.—Ed.]

Fr. Kerkhaff, after a period of comparative quiet and prosperity, has been having his troubles over in Uganda, but we hope that by this time Bishop Biermans has found a chance to comfort him. The good priest lost in a hurricane the grass roof of his house and the galvanized roof of the convent kitchen. He had been waiting for the Bishop to give him another kind of roof for his church, but the walls have been thrown down now and he must wait anyway.

He has only the roof of his mouth left, and his heart took refuge there during the hurricane.

"But," he writes, "all this was nothing." And he goes on to explain:

A native heretic is baptizing people by the wholesale. His religion, if you can call it such, has many advantages over any other, even Mohammedanism. He asks no questions and lays down no moral precepts. His followers may have as many wives as they like. He simply says, "If God did not want you to have them, He would not have given them to you." Practically he does not believe in baptism, but because it is an excellent way of catching the people, who are tired of being called heathens, he gives it to them right away. The form of baptizing is different in every village. One day it is "in the Name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost," while another day it is "in the Name of the Father and the Holy Church."

Nothing has been done to stop this preacher, though, according to the Protestant Bishop here, the movement is a political one directed against the Government and Europeans. Let us hope and pray that the trouble will soon pass.

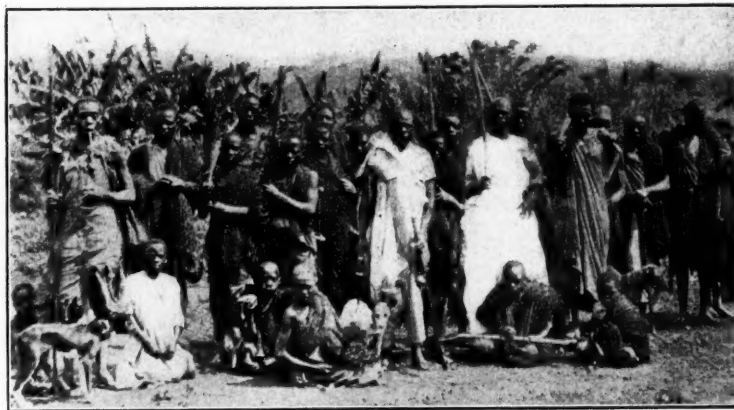
A telegram from Rome announces that in the recent Consistory His Holiness Benedict XV. raised to the archbishopric Msgr. Augouard, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. The new archbishop is Vicar-Apostolic of the



This is our legal title. It will be appropriate in any Catholic's will.

If your subscription is more than three months overdue (and remember that all safe and sound magazines require payment in advance), you will probably not receive THE FIELD AFAR hereafter, unless you send payment now.

Upper French Congo and is well known throughout France and the Christian world as the "Bishop of the Cannibals." For over thirty-nine years he has been laboring in the interest of the poor, abandoned Africans, having entered the Seminary and the Order of the Holy Ghost, fresh from the field of battle, where, during the Franco-Prussian War, he had won signal honors as a brave soldier. He has been a bishop for twenty-five years.



READY FOR A HUNT IN THE JUNGLE.

(Photo sent by Fr. Kerkhaff.)

China.

CENTRAL Mongolia does not mean much to many who have not looked at the map of Northern China for years, but it will interest our readers to note these figures:

In 1910 Catholics numbered 27,960, and there were 407,480 Communions.

In 1915 Catholics increased to 38,061 and there were 799,561 Communions.

Writing from Manchuria, a missionary nun who has lived in America, says:

You do well to prepare missionaries for the saving of souls; the harvest is immense and the laborers are few. But there is need of tried souls, ready to bear everything. In our countries we can form no idea of the moral sufferings of the poor missionaries—their solitude, their abandonment, their destitution. There are saints among them and it is they who win souls.

When last we heard of Frs. O'Leary and O'Reilly, the two Irish priests who touched at Maryknoll on their flight to China, they were in Japan and had learned to say *O-hi-o* (how do you do). By this time they must have arrived at Hangchow and are saluting each other: *O'Leary-hi-O'Reilly! O-ho-o!*

We measured these young apostles very inexactly if they don't get many a quiet smile out of their new life. And may their smiles win for them abundant graces!

That "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians" is being very clearly proved over in that part of China—the North—where the Boxer movement of 1900 was especially virulent and where thousands of native Christians shed their blood rather than deny their faith. The Vincentian Fathers in the Mission of Pekin and North Chihli baptized last year 38,293 adults.

We also note from the Bishop's report that he is a believer in the Apostolate of the Press. There is a Catholic printing establishment—at Pekin, we presume—which issued during the year 210,620

volumes, including 6,761 bound books.

Of the photograph that appears on this page, Fr. McArdle, our friend from 'bonnie Scotland,' writes:

I say nothing of the accompanying picture beyond expressing the hope that the original is not quite so cross and sad as this would indicate. He looks here as if he had been 'dinned' unmercifully or as if he had been in charge of the financial side of Maryknoll for a considerable time, instead of being a simple missionary curate.



FR. ANDREW McARDLE, NOW A MISSIONER IN HU-CHOW.

My best wishes for a 'braw, bricht, guid year, and mon(e)y may ye see!' Isn't it fortunate that I don't write the whole letter in Caledonian and still more fortunate that you do not have to read it aloud?

+ +

India.

A CARD from Monsignor Merkes, Vicar-General of Madras, brought us the news that he had left his native Holland and was on the way back to his mission. We trust that by this time he has reached his destination safely, and we wish him abundant success in the work that he takes up once more after his visit to America and Europe.

A MODERN MARTYR

**sells for fifty cents.
Postage ten cents extra.**

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY IN ALASKA

(Fr. Judge, S.J.)

Price 50 cts. Postage 10 cts. extra.

**Address: THE FIELD AFAR
Ossining New York**

Monsignor Civati, the late Vicar-General of Hyderabad, though still young when he died, has evidently left his impress on that Eastern country. We learn that "the whole mission bears the marks of his wonderful activity. In the city of Secunderabad the church, the English and Tamil convents, the Home for the Aged, the Widows' Home, St. Patrick's School, etc., which he wholly or partly raised, will be his lasting monuments. The many souls he has helped on the way to salvation, will praise him forever."

A church built in India four hundred years ago is an object of special interest. Such is *The Luz* (Light), in Mylapore, which dates from 1516 and claims the honor of being the first Catholic church erected in the country by European missionaries. The story of its foundation comes to us from Fr. Vaz, a native priest, who writes:

The first missionaries to India were eight Franciscan Friars who set sail from Portugal in March, 1500. Three of them were slain at Calicut in the massacre of November 16th of that year. The survivors arrived at Cochin ten days later and, fired with fervor and heroic perseverance, they spared no pains to establish along the coast suitable centres for their zealous activities.

On one occasion a *caravel* bearing some Franciscan Friars in quest of souls, was launched into the sea. As it was cruising up the Coromandel Coast towards nightfall, attention was attracted by a light on the shore and it was decided to land. Not until some time afterwards did the missionaries know that they had landed at the ruins of Betumah, the town of St. Thomas, which received its name from the fact that the Apostle's tomb was located there. When they attempted

to approach the light, it preceded them inland. Across the ruins of the ancient town it went, over a waste stretch of ground, past Mylapore, and into a forest. Here it vanished, and on this spot the Friars built a church in honor of Our Lady of Light. The locality, no longer a forest, but a wealthy—and unhappily pagan—residential quarter, is still known as the *Luz* (Light).

The church is not, of course, in the same condition as it was originally. There are signs of repairs and even of distinct additions. Its massive walls have borne the storms of centuries, but the wear and tear of time has not left it altogether intact. Along the dome, from one side to the other, a narrow gap is visible, while undreamed-of leaks make their appearance during the rainy season and the floor becomes a shallow pool. The present is a terrible season in which to look for help and yet the coming fourth centenary seems to be a fit occasion for undertaking the necessary repairs.

* *
Japan.

FROM Sendai Bishop Berlioz writes his word of congratulation because our young Society has received from Rome its *Decree of Praise*. He adds:

Without a doubt the Holy Father's blessing will be the signal for an increasing prosperity. The world will gain by this and the great Republic of the United States will certainly not lose. To-morrow I will give your work a very special remembrance in my Mass.

Remarking that our missionaries should find a hearty welcome in the Far East now that the war has withdrawn so many workers from the field, Fr. Sauret, a French priest, adds:

In spite of my age and infirmities, I am filling the place of the 'rolling stone that gathers no moss.' Sunday morning I said two Masses here, besides preaching and hearing confessions; then I set out for a new mission, twenty-five miles distant. From there I returned on Monday, in order to pass Tuesday morning with 458 Catholics who are prisoners of war. At this station my Mass was served by two Benedictines, to whom I gave Holy Communion, and the music was rendered by a choir of able singers, accompanied by a harmonium and directed by a German nobleman. There are in our vicinity 1,318 prisoners of war, Germans or Austrians, but only about one-third of these are Catholics.

Bishop Chatron's report from Osaka records 1,566 baptisms during the year. Of these 1,124 were infants in danger of death.

Bishop Chatron likes to call himself names. In a recent letter he refers to himself as "the old beggar of a septuagenarian," but we sometimes think he must have discovered the fountain of perpetual youth. The good Bishop writes:

The war? Can one refrain from speaking of it? It is having such a terrible effect on the missions. It has taken away our workers and our means of subsistence. You know our situation and, thank God, you are preparing to reinforce us.

I have just returned from a journey in the interior and I must now set out again on other ramblings in districts deprived of their pastors. You see this old machine can still go—and I take advantage of the little time that is left.

Tsu is not a very big name, nor is it a big mission. But it is advancing in the knowledge of God and rejoicing the heart of the missionary, Fr. Birraux, who writes:

In my little station of *Tsu*, despite all the difficulties and uneasiness caused by this long and terrible war, the work of God is gradually progressing. Last year I had thirty-three baptisms—a modest figure, no doubt, but consoling just the same.

Among those whom I recently baptized was a rich merchant of Osaka, who was a real edification to me. This man had come to *Tsu* to see his parents and while here, was taken seriously ill. Learning of the fact, I sent my catechist to him. The stranger was visibly moved and soon, filled with joy, he had but one regret—that he had not known sooner so beautiful a religion. When in his sufferings he was advised to call a physician, who would soothe his pains by the use of morphine, he replied, "No; go for the Father. He will pray with me and that will be better." I was deeply edified by these sentiments and consoled at seeing such a beautiful death.

* *

WE would like to write a word of personal acknowledgment to all the missionaries who have sent us kind letters and greetings for the new year, yet we feel that our friends in the field, who know

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what it is to 'have no time,' will understand our failure to do this. We thank them, then, one and all, and we assure them that we appreciate their interest in us and our work. We have heard recently from the following:

AFRICA—

Fr. Kerkhaff, Nagalama; Fr. McCormack, Kakamega.

CHINA—

Bishop Dumond, Tientsin; Bishop Geurts, Yungpingfu; Bishop Van Aertselaer, Si-wan-dze; Fr. Desreumanse, Tientsin; Fr. Buch, Ningpo.

INDIA—

Fr. Bus, Ranaparti; Fr. Colli, Secunderabad; Fr. Vaz, Mylapore; Fr. Varghese Payapilly, Alwaye; Fr. Francis, Kankanady.

JAPAN—

Bishop Berlioz, Sendai; Bishop Chatron, Osaka; Fr. Birraux, *Tsu*; Fr. Lemarié, Yatsushiro; Fr. Breton, Nagasaki; Fr. Roussel, Tokyo.

MALESIA—

Fr. Hopfgartner, Kuching.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—

Sr. Mary of the Visitation, Atimonan.

We thank the following for letters and photographs:

AFRICA—

Fr. Arnold Witlox, Kakamega.

CHINA—

Fr. McArdle, Hu-Chow; Fr. Arcaud, Chefoo; Fr. Joseph M. Ouang, Ping-hu; Sr. Catherine Buschman, Pekin.

INDIA—

Bro. Eugene, Bangalore.

INDO-CHINA—

Very Rev. Fr. Cothonay, Lang-Son.

JAPAN—

Fr. Heinrich, Tokyo; Fr. Sauret, Kurume.

OCEANIA—

Fr. Guinard, Fiji.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—

Fr. Fennemann, Villavieja.

Tom-Kan.

By a Teresian.



IN the employ of an American banking-house in Ningpo, I had run out from the city to help celebrate the wedding anniversary of a college chum, a minister who had been working in China for several years, but whom I had only recently met. It was good to taste again the charm of home life, to be petted by his wife and lovely children, and it did not take much coaxing to keep me over Sunday. Yet I was almost sorry I had yielded to the temptation, as I noted the shadow of disappointment that for a moment clouded my friend's face when I declined an invitation to address his Bible class. I knew I seemed ungrateful, and I gave a dozen reasons for the refusal, keeping back the only one that had any weight—that I was or should be a Catholic.

I had grown careless at college after my mother's death, and the knock-about life in the world had finished me. I was no credit to my own Church, but there was still left the spark that made it impossible for me to take an active part in any other.

So, as the bells were calling the flock of my good friend to worship, I started out into the bright sunshine with my walking-stick and my thoughts. It was one of those soft, spring-like days that somehow steal into the heart of winter, leading one to look expectantly but vainly for leafing boughs and budding twigs.

I wondered aimlessly, making mental notes of picturesque bits

here and there, until suddenly my reveries were interrupted by the happy voices of children. Had I circled back to the house? A look dispelled the thought.

A young Chinaman, fairly swamped by a crowd of small boys and girls, was trying to satisfy their demands for the toss into the air that seemed the acme of their happiness. In the rear stood a rambling old house surmounted by a cross. A nun in the doorway, her face wreathed in smiles as she watched the merry sport, completed the picture.

I hesitated a moment. Then, without knowing why I entered the yard and almost before realizing that I had done so, I was being cordially greeted by the Sister, Chinese too.

Did I wish to see the good Mother, she asked at once. "Oh, no, you will do," I answered. "I couldn't help coming in." And soon I—who had consciously avoided any contact with the work that I knew brave Catholic men and women were doing, work that I had often heard praised by my Protestant confrères—I found myself listening almost greedily to what this nun was telling me of the Holy Childhood, its trials and its joys.

Suddenly an unusually happy shout attracted us both to the children. "Fr. Thomas is a child himself when he gets with the little ones," the Sister said. "His is a beautiful soul, and a tried one."

I drew a deep breath as I discovered that the fine, tall Chinaman was a priest, and it hurt the pride—more even than the conscience—of a certain grandson of Erin, to feel that in God's sight

he was not worthy to touch the finger-tips of the consecrated hands of that young Levite. And then I learned the story of Fr. Thomas, or, as the doting nun called him tenderly, Tom-Kan.

"It was twenty-two years ago this very month," she said, "that a great wind swept over our section, causing untold damage. The good Mother had sent Sr. Angèle and me out to save what little souls and bodies we could, for you know the toll is great at such a time.

"We had hardly turned into the Street of the Temples, when I spied a small head sticking out from a heap of debris. In a moment we had uncovered a boy, perhaps five years old, clasping tightly a household idol and apparently dead. The poor, little, bruised head and body were warm, however, and we at once baptized him and carried him back to the Orphanage. A few hours later he opened his eyes and smiled. That smile won us all.

"An illness of several weeks followed, and when at last he was well enough to talk, we could learn nothing from him except that he was called Tom-Kan. The past was a blank, and in that great city teeming with souls one child gone from some family circle seemed a matter of slight consequence. The good Mother made known to the local authorities the boy's presence in our house and inquired for his family from persons she met, but her efforts were vain. So Tom-Kan—we had him christened Thomas—became a part of our establishment, almost its heart, for he was the most lovable little fellow, kind to the other children,

thoughtful for us, happy, mischievous, and with a soul that responded to every call of grace.

"Then came a black day. Tom-Kan was about nine at the time. For a while he had seemed different, till I began to fear he might be ill, when, with a puzzled look on his face, he asked, 'Sr. Gerard, where is my own mother?'"

I drew another long breath as I heard the Sister give her name. So the Chinese knew and loved St. Gerard too! He had been my ideal in the old days, and I smiled sadly as there flashed before me some of my boyish attempts to imitate his asceticism. But Sr. Gerard, unmindful of my introspection, was continuing:

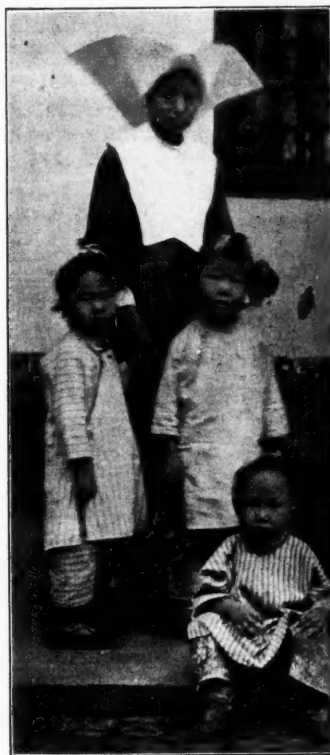
"I knew at once that the boy's mind must be clearing, but I said, 'Why, Tom-Kan, how strangely you speak! Of whom are you thinking? Am I not your mother?'"

"No," he replied, 'this is not my own house and you are not my own mother. I want her and my honorable father and Chang and Min and Rose and Pearl. Oh, where are they all? I want to go home!' Then he fell to sobbing, and only after I had mothered him and told him how he happened to be here, did he become pacified. He loved us dearly, but the call of the blood was stronger and I put him to bed that night with the promise that we would try to locate his family for him, a promise easily given because it seemed so impossible to realize.

"The next morning the good Mother herself and I started off happily with Tom-Kan. The moment we entered the Street of the Temples, where we had first come upon him, he seemed at home, and

our hearts grew heavier as we hurried to keep up with his eager little feet.

"He found the house, rushed ahead, leaving us to enter in ceremony, and the welcome given him only the Good God, Who makes a mother's love the world over,



"I was greeted by the Sister, Chinese too."

(Photo sent by Bishop Faveau.)

knew. We were received courteously and thanked profusely, and in her joy the mother promised that Tom-Kan should be allowed to come to us for religious instruction and to practice his faith. He clung affectionately to us when we were leaving, hardly knowing at the moment where he wished to be.

"It was the old story of broken promises. Tom-Kan did not come to the Orphanage again. We were told that the family had moved away. What could I do but place my lost treasure in the arms of Our Blessed Mother and wait?"

Sr. Gerard sighed at the remembrance of those days, and went on:

"It was five years before we heard a word of our Tom-Kan. A French missionary, Fr. Henri, with another priest, had arrived on a merchantman at Hongkong, and as they were leaving the boat, a crowd of boys, urged on by a few older men, started to abuse them with names and even with sticks and pebbles. They were beginning to feel uneasy, for they had some valuable papers with them, when a fine-looking lad walked over to them, took their bags, and defiantly escorted them through what seemed to be a danger zone. It was Tom-Kan, who, secretly faithful to the graces he had received here—in spite of all efforts to turn him against the Church—could not endure that a priest should be humiliated and persecuted.

"That was a blessed day for the young boy, for he found opportunity before leaving Fr. Henri, to unburden his heart, to make known his longing to receive the Sacraments and his daily growing desire to be a priest. The missionary saw him several times afterwards, and finally convinced of his sincerity, urged him to tell his parents of his holy ambitions.

"It took courage for a boy to face a pagan father with such a plea, but Tom-Kan did it bravely—and was cast out of his home forever. Fr. Henri took him to the seminary at Canton, and you

see what a gem the Blessed Mother has brought back to us."

I looked at the strong, open face of Fr. Thomas Kan, who was now holding his little friends spell-bound with some tale. A feeling of admiration and reverential awe crept over me, and a few moments later, after leaving a little gift to buy bonbons for the babies, I wandered out again, back toward my friend's house.

But now I was not looking at the loveliness about me, nor was I conscious of aught save my own despicable weakness as I saw it mirrored in the clear, beautiful souls of the old Chinese nun and her spiritual son. I said my prayers that night for the first time in years, and as I was falling asleep, it seemed to me that my mother bent over me and kissed me as she used to do, saying, "Good night, son. God bless and keep you!"

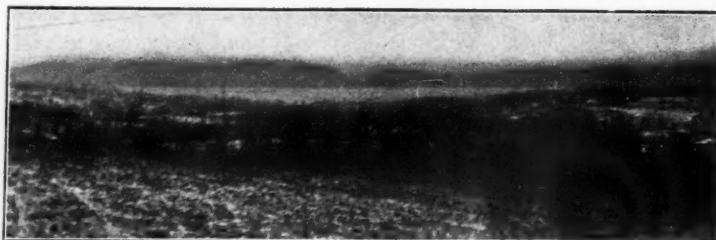
Maryknoll, February, 1916.

* *

If some friend desires to add a few valuable books to our library and at the same time to patronize Catholic Chinese publication houses, we suggest the following list with approximate prices:

From Hokien-Fu (Catholic Mission)—	
Dictionarium Sinico-Latinum..	\$3.00
Guide de la Conversation (fran-	
cais-anglais-chinois)	1.00
Moral Tenets and Customs in	
China	3.00
Chinese Characters (Etymo-	
logical Lessons).....	3.00
Conciones Neo-Missionariis Di-	
catae	4.00
Parva Collectanea25
From Nazareth Printing-Press, Hong-	
kong—	
Compendium Theologiae Mo-	
ralis, par A. L. Eloy.....	\$2.50
Compendium Theologiae Dog-	
maticae	1.00
Variae Quaestiones Practicae...	.60
Summa Decret. Synodal. Su-	
Tchuen et Hongkong.....	.25
Bible Latine, avec accent tonique	3.00
Synthesis Decretalium Sinarum	1.00

From the Maryknoll Diary



A WINTER VIEW OF THE HUDSON FROM MARYKNOLL.

OUR newest priest, Rev. James Edward Walsh, of Cumberland, Md., celebrated Mass in the church of his boyhood, a few weeks after his ordination. He went to Cumberland with the Seminary superior, who had been invited by Fr. Wunder, the young priest's pastor, to preach on that memorable occasion.

Fr. Wunder, who can prove by figures that any parish will benefit by its charity to outside needs, insisted that the Sunday's collection should go up to Maryknoll. Hence the travelers returned with lighter hearts and heavier pockets. Visits were made, on the way back, to His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, who follows our Seminary with the interest of a missionary, to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who selected the name of our Society, to Trinity College, to the Seminary at Baltimore, where Maryknoll has many friends, and to the Carmelite nuns in the same city.

St. Teresa never went to the missions, but we are told that by her prayers and her sacrificing toil she effected the conversion of as many souls as even St. Francis Xavier baptized. Carmelite nuns have, from the very beginning of our work, been constant friends, although (if we must say it) one remote community actually discontinued *THE FIELD AFAR* on the ground that it was not entirely within the scope of what they used for spiritual reading. We have rarely seen

Carmelite nuns smile, because the opportunity was rarely ours, but we have always remarked in them a keen sense of humor and we are quite certain that smiles abound behind the spiked grilles that enclose these flowers of God.

We know of one daughter of St. Teresa who made the offering of her still young life for Maryknoll (and the offering was accepted). And we know of another, hundreds of miles away from the first, who has expressed a similar desire. All of this will enable our readers to understand why we should visit a Carmelite convent and how much importance we attach to the co-operation of praying nuns.

A week later the superior was in Providence, R. I., where, on the sad occasion of Bishop Doran's funeral, he had the opportunity to meet and confer personally with nearly all the bishops of New England. Notwithstanding their many diocesan preoccupations, these bishops have a warm place in their hearts for Maryknoll, and it is very pleasant to be assured of such an important aid to our work.

Midyear vacation at Maryknoll followed a week of head-breaking examinations and the students were so glad to relax that it seemed no hardship to pass the holidays here and away from home. At this writing there is no important happening to record, unless it be the disappearance of the ungentlemanly dog that in-

sisted on getting into the group picture of His Eminence Cardinal Farley with our students.

The dog was designated in our January issue as Collie, but its name was *Nellie*—and Nellie was no lady. She had proved herself useless and a drain on the resources of our struggling community, involving, as she did, a doctor's bill, an Ossining license, and a constant supply of food, which the Porker family grudged her on grounds of justice.

Sentence was pronounced some days before the disappearance and it was rumored that our boss-farmer had solved the problem of despatching Nellie without pain and with profit to the Knoll. An alarm spread among the ultra-sympathetics at the Seminary and at St. Teresa's, and efforts were made to kidnap Nellie, have her carried a considerable distance—and forgotten.

In the meantime the Porker family was getting its daily soup, steaming hot as usual. This is prepared in the open hen-yard, where a large kettle habitually occupies the centre of the stage, next to a wood-pile. No one can say that Nellie was carried away. There is no evidence that she was buried, and the digging is hard these days. Yet she has disappeared and the Porker family is almost smiling.

What could have happened to her? Did she have a boil? Or was she 'soaked?' Or 'soused?' Will history repeat itself and a portion of Nellie's 1915 license medal be found in a 1916 Maryknoll sausage? Perish the thought!

We shall not try to answer these questions, but we know that the Porker family, parents and offspring, are licking their chops with a satisfaction that seems to be almost revengeful. Nellie has disappeared. She may yet come back. *Au revoir, Nellie! And—to be neutral—auf Wiedersehen! Kommen Sie nach Frankfurt. Dogs!*

The Vénards, our junior students, spent some days away from the Knoll after Christmas, as our readers may recall. They soon recovered from the attacks to which they were subject at home—principally rush of food to the stomach—and settled down to a normal life again. This was interrupted for a week after the midyear examinations, but we could not at that time drive them home with a pitch-fork, had we tried. What they missed most of all, when away, was the opportunity to exercise after meals by washing dishes. At Maryknoll they perform this exercise gracefully to the accompaniment of music provided by their faces and hands, and they break no more dishes than would the average youth.

There were a couple of days this winter when the Knoll was almost lost in snow. No mail reached us the first morning, but two of our staff, by balancing themselves as they walked along the tops of stone walls, managed to get to the village and to return before night prayers. One of these two wore red whiskers, but while he lost his hat and a rubber, he managed to keep his head—and the whiskers.

That was the first storm of the season and it was a real one. When some of the drifts were shoveled so as to allow our horses to go through, Bertin, of Malacca, found that the snow was twice as high as himself—and his next letter home surprised his family 'a bit.'

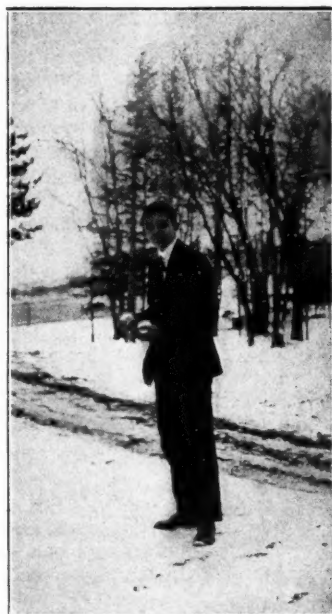
Bertin has a poetic soul that warms easily, even under the imperturbable exterior of an Oriental. He will always remember his first snowball (not the one that hit him, but the one that hit the other fellow), but of course such memories do not require the soul of a poet.

And—which is better to record—he says that he will never forget his first Christmas in America,

TO TRAIN AN APOSTLE.

If you wish to establish, or to help establish, a free scholarship for the Seminary at Maryknoll or for our Apostolic School, see page 31.

when towards midnight, awakened by seminarians singing carols in the open, he looked out over the snow-covered ground of his boyhood dreams and up at the drift-



BERTIN.

("He will always remember his first snowball.")

ing stars, and heard the bell of the Seminary sounding across the sleeping hills the call to Midnight Mass. It takes more than poetry, however, to brace oneself against low temperatures, inside or outside the house, especially when one's body is frail and one's blood is apparently thin, and on these occasions our young friend has no word of complaint as he mentally registers the low notch on the thermometer.

By the way, have we ever asked for a coal collection? Never. That is the privilege of pastors and we do not like to usurp it, because pastors are good to us and we would not rob their coal-bins. So when coal was at its lowest, we actually bought a hundred tons. We speak of it now, just because some of our friends imagine that we never have to buy anything, when in reality much of our time is spent in paying bills or adjusting them before payment. (*Adjusting* means, in the language of the street, 'having a fight'.)

If we run out of coal up here on the hills, we shall not ask you to drop a piece in the box. But remember that this place is not like Scranton, where it is quite possible to go down into your own cellar—if it is deep enough—and dig coal. We must pay for the haul from Scranton, plus the haul from Ossining, and—your mite box offering will help us to look the coal-man straight in the eyes, unless he happens to squint.

If you have in the bank some money which you intend to leave to us, why not let us have it now and give you ample interest during your lifetime?

Do you get everything you ask for? This inquiry was made lately by another simple-minded admirer.

Do we? Why, we get things we *don't* ask for and some things we *do* ask for, but, to confess it, we don't get *everything* we ask for.

Occasionally we feel that we do not make ourselves clear or that our friends think we are not in earnest. So this time we are placing our readers at the mercy of *Brother Farmer*, who, behind his back at least, is called other names. He comes from the West and expects to go to the East. In the meantime, he has the courage to place in our hands—or rather, he put it on the desk when the Editor was not looking—the following:

READ FIELD AFAR WANT ADS.

Wanted—

A 12 horse-power—or larger (*larger*—note the modest demand)—gasoline engine, or a 16 horse-power motor, in good condition (he does not need junk), preferably portable. A tractor will do, but this is not necessary. We shall use the engine to cut fodder, saw wood, grind feed, and later to crush stone, mix concrete, etc.

Wanted—

A good, young draft-horse, or the price of one—\$200. (You would never suspect the boldness if you saw the face of this farmer in repose.) The horse should weigh from 1,350 to 1,500 pounds, as we have some heavy loads to pull up our steep hills.

Wanted—

A "tub," *i. e.*, an old-fashioned hand-pump for fire protection, to be worked by four or six men and not too heavy to be moved around.

Wanted—

A fur overcoat—any old kind—and a few robes. We have some cold drives these mornings.

The Editor at this point writes, "Check."

* * * Business and the Missions.

TO most business men the term *foreign missions* connotes little or nothing. It stands for a fad they have never had time to take up. It brings forth vague memories, perhaps, of some missionary who appealed to their generosity in broken English years ago in the parish church. It is somehow associated with Europeans or St. Paul, but there is not the slightest hint of its ever being intimately connected with American life. In fact, the idea seems contrary to American practicableness.

An American Foreign Mission Seminary is thought to be almost a contradiction in words, as far as thought is bestowed on it at all. America is practical, sane, not given to sentiment, of a mechanical turn of mind, and though ready to rough it, yet likes a full plate of baked beans or chicken and sweet potatoes. The business man sizes up the foreign mission movement as more suited to the ardent nature of Southern

A New Book THE SHEPHERD OF MY SOUL

BY

Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P.

(Professor of Theology at the Foreign Mission Seminary, Maryknoll)

A charming portrayal of the poetry of Oriental shepherd life, accompanied by practical and devout reflections on the relations between the soul and Christ, our spiritual Shepherd. It is a book full of inspiration and usefulness, for all classes, lay, clerical, or religious.

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Europe, that throws a veil of romance over mission work and glories in self-exile and heroic deeds. America prides itself on its level head and business ability.

Yet the American character seems best suited to take up the work of extending God's Kingdom—and precisely because it is a work that appeals to calculating minds whose eye for business is keen. St. Paul was the great missionary; yet had St. Paul been transplanted to New York City, he would have made it hustle. He was no dreamer, but refreshingly practical. He reduced the need of missionaries to a syllogism: "Whoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved, but how shall they call on Him in Whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe Him of Whom they have not heard?" Fortified by the logic of his conclusion, he spent himself in preaching Christ to those who knew Him not.

St. Paul had the American business, trait of seizing every opportunity to drive his argument home. He spoke to polished Greeks in the language dear to them, quoting from their poets, and gained a hearing where otherwise he might have failed. And were St. Paul a missionary now in China, he would master the English language and make capital of the fact that modern China will listen to anyone American, will clutch at anything stamped U. S. A. He would exclaim: "Woe to me did I not preach the Gospel' when such a

rare business opportunity presents itself!"

"Strike while the iron is hot" is a maxim used in religion as well as in business, and St. Paul always threw his whole strength into the blow he gave. The result will be favorable if we but employ the means most suited to win a fair hearing for the Faith we are blessed in having. The Chinese will attend to and learn from Americans. Practical sense common to all mankind will prompt us to send Americans to them and a keen business instinct peculiar to Americans will urge us to strike now while the Chinaman is receptive.

If agents of the Standard Oil Company in China remarked in their monthly statements to the supervisor that the Chinese are most easily approached by energetic Americans, would not the next ship sailing from San Francisco for the Far East be pressed into service to carry Uncle Sam's enterprising sons to conquer China for John D.? Why, then, cannot the biggest corporation in the world, whose agents plead for English-speaking priests for Eastern lands, send, not a ship-load, but a score of missionaries a year to China? It is a sound business proposition, not a Wall Street speculation, and will yield large dividends to all investors, "a hundredfold in this world and in the world to come life everlasting."

(By a Maryknoll student.)

A post-card will bring you a mite box.

PLEASE remember in your prayers the souls of:

Rt. Rev. T. F. Doran	Albert A. Blake
V. Rev. Canon Sloane	Eunice Hunt
Rev. Robt. Johnson	Louise Power
Rev. J. J. McCarthy	Frank B. Taylor
Rev. T. J. Duff	Mrs. J. H. Barth
Mother Pancratia	Mary J. Mollison
Sr. Desideria	Mrs. Annie Barrett
John H. McArdle	Mrs. Mary A. Evans
Mrs. McLaughlin	Théophile Morvan

Enrolled Lately in "Perpetuity."

V. Rev. F. Stick	James McCart
Edward Hughes	Edward McCarthy
Mrs. E. W. Hughes	Nicholas Schneider
Ellen M. Manning	John Sullivan

Gatherers and Gatherings.

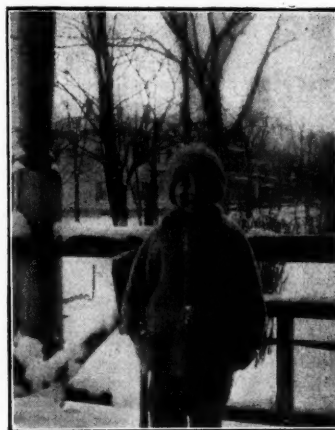


THE Katholischer Gesellen-Verein of Dayton, Ohio, lately voted an offering to Maryknoll.

Here is a new way to remember the address of a Brooklynite—"half past twelve Forty-First St."

We surprised our friends this year by giving them something. It was only a calendar and not a very expensive one at that, but it pleased our subscribers and benefactors quite as much as if it were of greater value.

A recent very interesting benefaction came from St. Louis to commemorate the hundredth birthday of Mrs. Marie Reine Fusz. With the gift was an engraved card of invitation to the anniversary Mass of thanksgiving.



JACK HESHUG.

JACK Heshug has a funny name, but that does not matter. He looks at THE FIELD AFAR 'from cover to cover' and then hurries out to play. Can you blame him? One reason why he leaves the house, is because the 'grown and growing-ups' like to read between the pictures and this forces Jack to shift for himself.

From Sing Sing we get occasionally something good, including the chaplain, but we draw the line at bills for the *Star of Hope*, the prison paper. We also have a queer sensation when we find in our mail a letter addressed to Number 313, Sing Sing.

Have you found some money? And you do not know the owner? Take the following 'delicatessen' hint from a letter postmarked Syracuse:

Gentlemen: Kindly let me know when you receive this (\$10), as I found it and felt that I should give it to some worthy charity. (That's us!)

A reader thinks we should announce more clearly that we receive Mass intentions at Maryknoll. Well, we do receive them and priests are our usual providers. We encourage such offerings from the laity also, but we always hope that our friends are first of all loyal to their home priests.

Every man, especially the first, to his last. Here, for example, is one from Virginia who signs himself "Your Friend Evere." He has remarked that we are building with stones and he writes, "As I am a bricklayer, I would say build with bricks, ha! ha!"

Good for you, John! Congratulate your family that you are not a resident of Ossining's South Side.

"The blind see"—this was our reflection as we read the following letter from a nun in Jersey City:

I take pleasure in enclosing a check for four dollars, collected among the inmates of our Home for the Blind, for your mission work.

If every man who is guided by the light of faith, would help ever so little to lead others to Christ, what tremendous things would be accomplished!

Train the little ones to use a mite box for love of Jesus Christ.

A subscriber from Cambridge, in the Old Bay State, writes:

What an alluring place to spend money Maryknoll is! If I had a few dollars, I would feel as happy and undecided as a child with a penny, not knowing whether to take a bag of sand, a parcel of land, or a subscription. I was amused to read that a mite box could evolve into a greenback, a bank check, or a money-order, and I am going to give mine more attention than it has been getting. I will provide it with nourishment regularly and let you know how it turns out.

One of our Vénard boys is fortunate enough to have 'adopted an aunt,' who recently sent to Maryknoll two hundred dollars for his year's tuition. In other words, this boy has found a patroness in the person of a wise woman in Pennsylvania who, we learn, has to her credit for eternity a long list of adopted sons and daughters laboring for Christ.

Some other Vénard boys are now looking for an aunt—or an uncle.

We learn, with not a little satisfaction, that we have been remembered in the will of the late Miss Adèle Le Brun.

Miss Le Brun, the daughter of a well-known architect, established in New York the Helpers of the Holy Souls, a religious community whose special aim is to aid the Souls in Purgatory. She spent the last years of her life at one of the houses of this excellent sisterhood, to which she was constantly devoted.

We have also benefited by the will of the late Very Rev. Ferdinand Stick to the extent of five hundred dollars, sent to us through Fr. Zabel, of Alton, Ill.

The Japanese say that it is always dark in the candle's shadow, and the Maryknoll light has never fallen very effectively in our own neighborhood. It was a pleasant surprise, therefore, to learn recently that we had, only six miles away, a warm friend who planned to 'write to some thirty people,

mostly men, and ask them to promise ten dollars a year for three years, towards the education of our American missionaries.' And the checks have already begun to come.

Write for a mite box and let the family gather gradually for each of its departed, a Perpetual Memorial Associate Membership.

A real Maryknoll promoter is evident in these lines, which come from a thriving town in the diocese of Scranton, through which Fr. Kane passed last spring on a lecture tour in quest of more FIELD AFAR subscribers:

I don't suppose Fr. Kane will in any way be flattered, but I must ease my conscience by telling you that I appropriated his lecture as well as memory would allow, while I gave word—"movies" all my own. To some it was as new as 1916 styles. Many people never imagined that saving souls entailed such hardships. In all I talked about twelve hours. In several houses my lecture had been heard of—handed over the fence—and so well that it bore fruit. That was encouraging.

Aside from the little collected, I got some good promises—from one the offer of her home for a missionary tea, from another that of her lawn for a social. For the most part, the people are in deep sympathy with the movement.

A PERPETUAL ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America may be secured gradually in as many payments as desired, provided the sum of fifty dollars is reached within two years from the date of the first payment.

Sometimes when we read THE FIELD AFAR in cold type, we wonder at the patience of our friends, for—if we must tell the truth occasionally—the variety of appeals is not inconsiderable. Yet how can you blame us when you read these extracts from a letter with a Hoboken postmark?

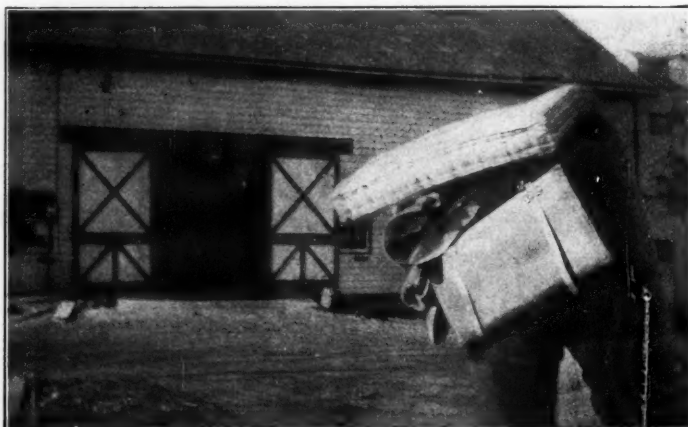
Please send THE FIELD AFAR to —. (It's about time for her to get something good.) Take a dollar for the St. Anthony Bread Fund—and I hope he'll keep his eye on the fund.

Send mite boxes to — and —. Give me a few more for myself. In case I think of any other friends, I want to hand them out something they will remember.

Send me twenty-five cents' worth of FIELD AFAR prints, a hundred in all. (They would be cheap at half the price.)

I wish you a happy and prosperous year.

Well, Delia, it won't be your fault if we starve or get arrested for not paying our bills. Many thanks and—God bless you!



WHEN THE VENARDS MOVED FROM THE HAY-LOFT.
(From a photograph taken by A. Wiscone.)

ABOUT JOHNNY THE MITE.

[Mr. John Mite Box, for whom this column is reserved, will send one or more of his family to any reader of THE FIELD AFAR on receipt of a two-cent stamp, or even of a post-card request, if the stamp is not at hand.]

Enclosed you will find four dollars, which was gathered in my mother's mite box.

I have one of your mite boxes and every evening before going to bed, I put in it what pennies I have. I thought that if I waited until I filled it, I would have to wait a long time. So as I have about three hundred pennies now, I am sending along three dollars.

I keep a little basket on my bureau and every car-fare saved goes into it for a share in some burse. One of the dollars enclosed is made up entirely of car-fares. Whenever I see that a ride is to be short, I instantly decide to walk, and if time or weather does not permit this, I am much disappointed, for I think only of seeing the little basket filled.

I did not realize how much money one can spend in trifles. I have often heard people say, "Save the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves." The little basket is teaching me this.

A year ago the idea came to me that if I saved all the pennies I got, I could put one a day in my mite box and in a year I would have \$3.65 to send you. I started just twelve months ago and to-day I am enclosing a money-order for the above amount. It was lots of fun, and I mean to start in to-morrow to fill the box again.

There is a certain impetus in systematic giving, that makes it a pleasure. I have lived a great deal among Protestants, and I find that they are more inclined to give in that way than from the generous, impulsive heart, so characteristic of the Catholic. Can that be the reason of their financial successes for the foreign missions? I don't like to feel that we are behind in our generosity and spirit of real catholicity.

PRESENTS IN KIND.

Wheat-grinder from Rev. Friend, N. Y.; clothing from Rev. Friend, Mass; cassock and biretta from Sherman Park Seminary, Port Henry, N. Y.; chalice and paten from Notre Dame Convent, Columbus, Ohio; tin-foil and cancelled stamps from St. Ann's Convent, Albany, N. Y.; altar lace from Convent of Our Lady of the Angels, Glen Riddle, Pa.; cancelled stamps from Visitation Academy, Baltimore, Md., from Sacred

FROM ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

STATE	GIFTS	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
Alabama		1
California	\$52.20	7
Colorado		1
Connecticut	133.41	21
Delaware	10.00	2
District of Columbia	16.20	6
Florida	4.00	2
Georgia	1.00	
Idaho	1.00	1
Illinois	464.25	9
Indiana	10.00	3
Iowa	4.00	5
Kansas	11.00	4
Kentucky		3
Louisiana	3.00	1
Maine	4.50	2
Maryland	248.90	6
Massachusetts	959.83	68
Michigan	14.50	6
Minnesota	10.00	2
Mississippi		1
Missouri	39.63	8
Montana		1
Nebraska	4.65	1
New Hampshire	15.26	3
New Jersey	30.50	11
New York	1,393.43	44
North Carolina	.25	
Ohio	59.16	19
Oklahoma		1
Oregon	1.00	2
Pennsylvania	228.37	24
Rhode Island	122.18	11
South Dakota	3.00	1
Texas	2.00	4
Vermont	1.50	1
Washington		3
Wisconsin	2.00	2
Wyoming		2

FROM OTHER COUNTRIES.

Canada	\$18.46	2
Cuba		1
Ireland	1.00	1

Heart Academy, Philadelphia, Pa., from St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., and from M. M., Washington, D. C.; medical bag and outfit from Catholic Medical Mission Society; holy water font from Dr. F., N. Y.; altar burse from N. F., R. I.; box of tinfoil from A. S., Cal.; statue of St. Teresa (for the Teresians) from Friend, N. Y.; old jewelry and cancelled stamps from M. R., N. Y. City; books and miscellaneous articles from J. M., N. Y.; 6 rabats from Camden, N. J.; *Ecclesiastical Reviews* from F. K., N. Y.; clothing from Friend, N. Y. City; vestments, cassocks, and birettas from Brooklyn, N. Y.; groceries from Friend, N. Y.; flowers from A. C., N. J.; 1 dozen knives from Mrs. K. R., Conn.; medical case, flasks, scales, and revolvers from M. H., N. J.; old silver and gold from E. R., Cal.

STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

[A burse or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.]

COMPLETED BURSSES.

Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$5,000.
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse.....	5,000.
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000.
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,000.
*St. Willibrord Burse.....	5,000.
Providence Diocese Burse....	5,000.
Fr. Elias Younan Burse.....	5,000.
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse.....	5,000.
O. L. of the Miraculous Medal Burse.....	5,000.

PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSSES.

Archbishop John J. Williams Burse.....	**\$5,260.71
Cheverus Centennial School Burse.....	*\$3,160.12
St. Teresa Burse.....	†2,034.00
All Souls Burse.....	1,987.54
O. L. of Mt. Carmel Burse..	†1,940.41
St. Joseph Burse.....	1,809.75
Little Flower Burse (for Vénard).....	1,560.35
A. M. D. G. Memorial Burse.....	1,503.00
St. Patrick Burse.....	1,093.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse....	1,091.03
Father B. Burse.....	*1,056.00
Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse (for Vénard).....	1,046.00
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse.....	700.26
Holy Ghost Burse.....	697.29
St. Anthony Burse.....	442.03
Pius X. Burse.....	365.05
St. Stephen Burse.....	345.00
St. Columba Burse.....	309.50
St. Francis of Assisi Burse.....	298.85
Susan Emery Memorial Burse.....	280.20
St. Francis Xavier Burse...	208.51
St. Lawrence Burse.....	179.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	146.00
St. John the Baptist Burse.....	133.00
St. Dominic Burse.....	112.80
Precious Blood Burse.....	91.00
All Saints Burse.....	77.90
Curé of Ars Burse.....	63.00
St. Rita Burse.....	62.25
Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse.....	41.00
O. L. of Mercy Burse.....	22.00
Joan of Arc Burse.....	11.00
O. L. of Victory Burse.....	11.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	10.00
St. Agnes Burse.....	10.00
St. Paul Burse.....	5.00
O. L. of Perpetual Help Burse.....	1.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

Special Funds.

Foreign Mission Educational Fund.....	\$2,050.00
Vénard Student Fund.....	128.25

*On hand but not operative.

**\$5,000 on hand but not operative.

†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

Mission Circles.

A SEWING circle in Massena, N. Y., has accepted the kind suggestion of its pastor and offers to 'help us out a little in the way of bedding, towels, or whatever we need most.'

The *Maryknoll Auxiliary* (Catholic Women's Auxiliary for Foreign Missions) has already had four of its ten annual meetings. These were held at the Countess Leary's residence, in New York City, but the next five will be at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, near the Cathedral, on Madison Ave. Here, at the close of each meeting, Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament will be given, through the kind permission of His Eminence Cardinal Farley. The tenth meeting will be held in May at Maryknoll.

Vénard Circle Number One, of Scranton, is actively interested in our apostolic school, which was born in that city and hopes to return there. It sent us for October, November, and December a 'tidy gift of twenty-five,' which arrived soon after the new year had begun. Lately this circle held a social gathering and managed to attract over a hundred people, most of whom received Maryknoll calendars and were otherwise 'Maryknolled.'

At *Olyphant*, too, not far from Scranton, we rejoice in the attachment of a circle that does things, —gracefully and generously.

MARIA MISSION CIRCLES.

(Dedicated to the Sacred Heart and to Our Blessed Lady.)



We invite special attention. We greatly desire to have you interested

in the *Maria Mission Circles*,—immediately and actively interested. By these circles we want to enlist throughout our country *personal workers* for the missions. We believe that a quick enrollment of such workers at the present time will do immeasurable good.

We Catholics of the United States of America have a present grave responsibility in regard to the missions—and a present great opportunity. Unfortunately we do not realize the responsibility. If we did, our Yankee spirit would lead us to seize the opportunity. We pride ourselves on being wide-awake, but in respect to the missions we have been caught napping. The Church is looking to America to save the missions, and we are scarcely conscious of her gaze. This unmindfulness is not from malice, nor from coldness. It is because we have been so engrossed by home needs that we have not thought of the missions. America is young. We have not yet outgrown our first conceit in being able to take care of ourselves. We are pointing to our magnificent churches, schools, and charitable institutions with a just pride that we have built them and are supporting them. The missions are calling on us before we are ready for them. *It is an emergency.*

To preserve our self-esteem, to claim a creditable place in the history of the Church, to render proper service to our fellow-men and due homage to God, we must extend our horizon and do it now. The work of decades in the mission fields is being destroyed. We have the means to prevent this destruction, and we are not preventing it. All of us despise the son who, having been nurtured to full strength, goes about his own affairs in conscious vigor and fails to support the mother who has reared him. Holy Church has guarded carefully the welfare of her American children. We have been blessed by Providence with richest gifts, spiritual and temporal. France and the other European countries that lent us aid, are now in anguish; their own missionary work is necessarily at a standstill and the missions of the world are crying to America, "Save us, we perish." Shall we save the missions? We must. We will—or we have over-estimated our thrift as Americans, our zeal as Catholics.

Mission interest is growing among us. Leaders of thought are urging its necessity. Missioners are expressing regret that this interest was not stirred earlier, but we can yet meet the emergency. We like to meet emergencies.

We need, however, a potent factor in the work. We believe *personal workers* to be such a factor. Hence the *Maria Mission Circles*, which are simply a system to carry knowledge and interest down into the individual home and the individual life, to change passive good-will into active helpfulness.

Many a reader of *THE FIELD AFAR* is associated with a group of friends who could be interested in the missions. Interest them. Start a *Maria Mission Circle*. Groups of friends, family groups, three or more persons who may be gathered together—by your efforts such may become living, moving forces in the mission cause.

Each circle shall consist of three or more members, who will meet to pray and work for Catholic missions. Each circle member may enroll contributing members.

The circle shall have no officers except a secretary. The organizer shall always act as secretary. If she should withdraw, her place shall be filled through election by the circle members.

Each meeting shall open and close with prayer. There shall be either an address or twenty minutes of reading on a subject of mission interest. Members shall agree on a regular offering to be handed to the secretary at each meeting, along with any gifts from contributing members. The meeting should not last longer than an hour.

No discussion of persons or of personal matters should be permitted at meetings.

Money collected shall be forwarded by the secretary each month, through a properly authorized channel, for the need designated by a majority of the circle members.

Address: *The Circle Director*, Maryknoll : : Ossining, New York.

You can help us to train a priest for the Apostolate. Look at the *Burse List* on page 31.

Don't ask your friends to subscribe to *The Field Afar*,—until you catch their attention. And this may take more than one hammer-blow.

Seals! Seals! Seals! If you wish to use our stamp seals for your letters, we have a stock from which to supply you and the price is ten cents a dozen.

The *Field Afar* will be sent for one year to any one address:

10 copies (12 issues)	for \$4.00
25 " "	" 10.00
50 " "	" 20.00
100 " "	" 40.00

